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Bishop SANCROFT's
GHOST,
With His
Propheſie of the Times,
And the Approach of
Antichriſt, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Bishop SANCROFT's

GHOST.

WITH HIS

Propheſie of the Times,

And the Approach of

Antichriſt:

OR,

An Account of a Strange and Wonderful Apparition which appeard to one Mr. *Silvius*, a Miniſter of the Church of *England*; who for his Religious and Contemplative Life is Sirnam'd the *Hermit*, on the 30th of *January*, 1708, in a Neighbouring Wood near the place of his Sollitary Abode in the Country. The Particulars you have in the following Letter.

LONDON:

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Advertiſement.

THE not Publiſhing this Letter before now, may perhaps give way to ſome Objections againſt the Truth of it. But when we conſider, that the Party which ſeems therein to be moſt particularly Level'd at, was then at the Helm of the State, we cannot reaſonably wonder, that thoſe who were Privy to this Matter were cautious enough not to incenſe ſo powerful Enemies by Acting or Saying any thing which might reflect upon their Conduct. 'Tis true indeed, that ſince the late happy Turn of Affairs, ſo much for the good of this Nation, it might have been ſooner imparted to us without the leaſt danger; but the Gentleman to whom the Letter was ſent Departing this Life ſome time before the Accompliſhment of that great Work. Which under the Providence of GOD is

principally owing to the Conſummate Experience, and great Wiſdom of our preſent Glorious Miniſtry. *It lay undiſcovered among his ſecret Papers, till lately that his Lady was prevail'd upon to Communicate it to the Publick. Without doubt, there are a great many, who will not intirely give Credit to this Narrative, from their own deprav'd Opinions upon all ſuch Occaſions, and others there are, who will not, or at leaſt will not ſeem to believe it, becauſe the Predictions are not agreeable to them. However as there is nothing therein, inconſiſtent with what we already have a Thouſand Inſtances of, in ſo many Celebrated Authors, touching Apparitions, we cannot but think the Unprejudic'd World will not look upon it to be undeſerving their ſerious Reflection, or at leaſt that they will ſuſpend their Judgments, till by the ſequel of things they are better inform'd. The unblemiſh'd Character likewiſe of the Perſon from whom we have this wonderful Relation, as alſo that of*

the

the Gentleman to whom he trusted it, should be no little Motive to Peoples belief, if they are not perversely Obstinate to Ridicule and Spurn at all such things.

And farther, as to what may be objected in relation to that good Man's Memory, by retaining so distinctly every particular of what he Heard and Saw touching this Prodigy, it is enough to say, That if we are convinc'd of the Truth of the latter, we cannot in reason contest the former, as being in it self far more probable, without saying any thing of the special permission of God, *upon that occasion to accomplish the design of this Prophesy. But after all, whatever the Censures are this Piece may undergo in the Opinion of the Readers, they will surely allow it to be just in its Reproaches and Charge against a certain Race of People, whose Principles ever averse to the Blood Royal of the* Stewarts, *render them the Fatal Disturbers of their Country.*

IN that respect, it may become useful

to the Publick, or at leaſt to all thoſe, who zealouſly employ their Endeavours for the Good and Welfare of GREAT BRITAIN, *if but in ſome meaſure to Alarm them in time againſt a Subtle and Implacable Enemy, who is continually in Ambuſcade to ſtir up Commotions and ſurprize the State. Pray Heaven! Protect our Gracious* QUEEN *from all their Damnable Attempts, and may that Sacred Blood ſo earneſtly thirſted after, ſtill Flouriſh and Increaſe in all its Royal Branches to fill up from time to time the Vacant Throne, and thereby perpetuate to us a Race of Kings and Queens, which by a juſt Judgment from* GOD *may become a Scourge to that pernicious Brood, and all their wicked Adherents for ever. Amen.*

Biſhop Sancroft's Ghoſt, *&c.*

SIR,

I was unwilling to Communicate this Matter in the preſent Juncture of Affairs; But the injunctions of ſuch a Friend, together with the opinion I have of your Secrecy and prudent Conduct upon ſuch Occaſions, oblige me to a compliance with what you ſeem ſo earneſtly to deſire, touching the particulars of that wonderful Apparition, you mention in your Letter. So great a Prodigy perhaps may ſeem incredible to many People; but Time the greateſt Diſcoverer of all Things, will convince the wond'ring World of the Truth of it, by a Thouſand Aſtoniſhing Circumſtances.

THE manner was thus: Being abroad on the 30th of *January* laſt, to perform of my Part the Office of that Day, ever Memorable in the

Engliſh

Engliſh Annals, for the Martyrdom of CHARLES STEWART King of *England*, and retiring afterwards to my uſual Solitude in a Neighbouring Wood, and taken up intirely with the Contemplation of that Mournful Subject, and the Deplorable State of the Church; which then ſeemed to me to be threaten'd with the ſame Calamities, it was of Old, when quickly after follow'd that Royal but Bloody Catoſtrophe! There Appeared to me a Reverend Old Man in a Cannonick Robe, and ſomething in his form ſo Divine, that he ſeem'd to be beyond the common State of Mortality. He had likewiſe, as I thought, a very great Reſemblance of the Famous *San----ft*, formerly Biſhop of *Canterbury*: A Prelate whoſe Illuſtrious Memory will ever be dear to all true Proteſtants, for the great Honour he did the Church, in Renouncing the Pomp and Vanity of this World, to follow the

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Dictates of his unshaken Conscience, in Opposition to an unknown Power; and more particularly for the Sanctity and Purity of his Life, without the least Blemish or Reproach, even from the most inveterate of his Enemies.

GLORIOUS Examples! and very worthy of imitation, by all those who profess the Doctrine of JESUS CHRIST.

PARDON me, my generous Patron and Friend, for making this little digression upon the Memory of so great a Man.

YOU may easily imagin I was very much surpriz'd at this amazing Sight. He stood at a little distance, and with his Finger pointing to the Heavens, which at the same time seem'd to Open and Discover a Country (if we may so call incorruptible

things) of a vaſt Extent, the Beauties and Delights of which the Heart of Man cannot imagin, nor no human Tongue expreſs.

YONDER, ſaid he, are the Regions of Immortality, and the Habitations of Virtue prepared for the Righteous. No Hypocrites, Contemners of Juſtice and Truth, nor Drinkers of Human Blood, can find entrance to theſe Bleſſed Manſions. There it is that faithful Shepherd, and maintainer of Truth, who long ſince enter'd the Liſts with ſo much hazard of his Life, in defence of the Oppreſſed *Iſraelites*, and at length open'd the Eyes of the deluded Multitude, to behold their approaching danger, is one Day to receive the Glorious reward of his Fidelity, and adherence to the cauſe of GOD; and there it is his departed Brethren and Pious followers of CHRIST, Sing Hallalujah's to the moſt High, and

rejoyce

rejoyce at the Heroick performances of that Illuſtrious Champion of the Goſpel, againſt the *Philiſtians*, and their many headed *Hydra*, who ſeems at preſent to ſhake the Throne, and carry Terror into the very Boſom of the Church; which however will ever be Victorious and Triumphant over her Enemies.

Wo to thoſe Forerunners of Antichriſt, perſu'd he, who by their wicked practices, go about to ſeduce the People of God. Wo to the Children of the Whore of *Babylon*, who overſpread the Face of the Earth with their Superſtition and Idolatry! But wo in particular to that accurſed Race of Vipers, whoſe growth firſt began, and who now think to eſtabliſh themſelves by the Blood and Ruin of their Country.

Govern'd by a Spirit of Perdition, the deſperate Wretches digg

a Pit for themſelves to fall into, and the Almighty will deliver his People from their horrid Plots and Conſpiracies.

HERE, after ſome heſitation, he open'd a little *Book* which he ſeem'd to carry in his Hand, and in a Prophetick rapture read over the following Lines.

Within the Compaſs of Ten annual Rounds,
This mourning Country will recover her Wounds:
A ſolid Peace will then the People free,
From all their Toils and Cruel Jealouſie.
The Rebel-Brood, their Mother Church will own
And fly for Refuge to Her Sacred Gown.
A reclaimed Member of a modern Sect,
By Heaven Inſpir'd their Plots detect;
His penetrating Eye doth plainly ſee,
Their cloſe Deſigns againſt the Monarchy,
In vain the Traytors wou'd put on the Vail,
Of Saint like looks and Hypocritick Zeal.

Of

Their ſecret Motions all to him are known,
With all their crooked windings to the Throne.
Which guardian Angels keep, and thence repel,
Thoſe working Moles, thoſe Inſtruments of Hell.
Who will one Day the Mournful Victims be,
Of that falſe Tribe, and their own Treachery.
Thoſe horrid Wretches to, the Beaſtly Clubb,
With their Ring-Leaders of the Pulpit-Tub.
Inſatiate Leeches of the Royal Blood,
That never were, nor never will be good;
Will in due time as well rewarded be,
For their Miſdeeds, and great Iniquity.
Brittania then immortal Fame will win,
And wipe away the ſtain of former *Sin*.
Her generous Heart miſled, returns again.
And future Ages bleſs her Glorious Reign.
Sweet Scenes of Joy precede Her latter Days,
Harmonious Conſorts ſing her laſting Praiſe.

Free

Free from remorſe, She waits the ſtroke of Death.
And chearfully reſigns her parting Breath.
Celeſtial Troops Her Royal Soul convey,
And Rays of Glory round her Temples play.
Another Branch Succeeds whoſe lawful right,
The wand'ring *Engliſh* will in time Unite.
But Seas of Blood———

HERE ſtopping again and lifting up his Hands towards Heaven. Eternal GOD, ſaid he, if there be yet any room left to appeaſe thy juſt wrath, receive the humble Supplications of thy faithful Servants, and look down with pity upon this miſled People. O Lord! It is a bitter Cup, but thy Holy Will be done. Alas! poor *England*, my unhappy Country! What Bloody Scenes are yet to be Acted upon thy Sinful Theatre? And then turning to his Book, and wiping ſome Tears which ſeem'd to drop from his Eyes, he proceeded on

on to his former Prophetick Inſpiration As followeth.

But Seas of Blood, muſt firſt atonement make,
To God's Anointed, then Old * *Lagon's Drake.*
And Neighbouring Plains, once more will glutted be,
With Human Blood, Sickneſs and Poverty:
O're ſpread the Land, ſtrange Prodigies appear,
In dreadful Shapes o're all our Hemiſphere.
Th' infectious Fury here begins its part,
And Death ſtands ready, with his pointed Dart:
The deadly Poyſon is in vain withſtood,
Like Liquid Fire, it ſoon conſumes the Blood,
And human Remedies will do no good.
Alas! what diſmal Scenes will then appear,
What dying Groans in every Place we hear.
The People run about, ſome Howl, ſome Cry,
Some drop ſtone Dead, while others gaſping lye,
And little Infants in their Mothers Arms Die.

Some fly for ſhelter to the Woods and Caves,
And ſtalking Ghoſts are frighted from their Graves.
The Beaſts amaz'd the Woods and Fields will ſhun,
And into deſart Towns and Cities run.
Some quit the Land, and to the Sea make haſte,
And there in wild Diſtractions Breath their laſt.
Strange Fiſhes quit the Sea, to gain the Land,
And lie in heaps, upon the Barren Sand.
Theſe, and yet more the ſad Effects will prove,
Of this peculiar Judgment from above.
At length a Monſter of Infidelity,
And many Traytors more of high Degree;
On Tower-Hill, will end the Sanguin Tragedy.
The *Lyllie* then, the Eagle will purſue,
But both conjoin'd the Treacherous Storks ſubdue.
The Victors ſtrow with Salt the Corrupt Land,
And Weeds ſhall grow where Stately Buildings ſtand.

Thoſe

Thoſe Birds, whoſe Pride of late did ſoar ſo high,
To Foreign Countries muſt for Refuge Fly:
They Beg in humble Strains, but Beg in vain,
Their injur'd Friends for their Relief again.
The Sons, the Fathers Wrongs, *Amboyna*'s Blood,
Cry loud for Vengeance on this wicked Brood.
Both Fire and Sword Conſpire their wretched Urn,
From Nought they came, to Naught they ſhall return.
A Storm from th' *Eaſt*, the *Auſtrian* Houſe will Shake,
And of that ſide great Alterations make.
A Prince diſpoil'd returns, a Peace enſues,
Chriſtians Unite, and other Subjects chuſe.
Then Royal Armies by their Princes Led,
In diſtant Countries will their Banners ſpread.
Thoſe generous Heroes keep the World in awe,
And far and near extend the Chriſtian Law.

The Infidels repell'd, their Powers decline;
And quickly quit the Seat of *Conſtantine*.
Byzantium then her Antient Lord will own,
And *Cæſars* Race remounts the Imperial Throne.
The Sacred City once again will be,
The Royal Seat of Chriſtian Majeſty.
Thence Princes riſe, who will ſubdue the *Eaſt*,
And Lead in Chains the *Babilonian Beaſt*.
Like rappid Torrents, driving all before,
They extend their Conqueſts to the *Aſian* Shore.
And in ſome time their Royal Progeny,
The Monarch's of the Univerſe will be.
A Calm enſues, Then dreadful Signs portend,
Th' Approach of *Antichriſt* the World will End.

HERE a certain Dimneſs, interrupted my ſight for ſome time, and in that interim, diſappeared all that Glorious Apparition; but not without

without leaving in my Memory (Fortified by a miraculous Providence) so deep and perfect an Impression, of what I heard and saw, that I may safely say, I give you an exact Relation of it. And however incredible it may seem to others, in this unbelieving Age, 'tis no little Satisfaction to me, to think you have no doubts upon you of my Fidelity upon this Occasion, from the good Opinion you are pleased to express of the Sincerity of my Life, which I hope the Almighty will give me Grace, always to employ in the strict pursuit of Truth and Virtue, whatever Difficulties and Obstructions I may meet with in this Troublesome World, to hinder my Passage to them.

* Lagon's *Drake* is a Field at a little distance from the place of my Abode, call'd by that Name, from an Old Beggar-Man, who in the time of the late Civil Wars, was seen

to

to feed his Dog there with Human Fleſh. The Dogs Name was *Drake*, and the Maſters Name *Lagon*, and it is from that deteſted inſtance of the Calamities of Inteſtine Wars, That, that Field, even to this Day, retains the Name of *Lagon's Drake*.

ALL the reſt I think is ſo obvious to every Capacity, that it needs no explanation. This Sir, is all at preſent I can ſay touching this Affair of which you ſay you already had ſome imperfect Account. And therefore, I conclude with my Fervent Prayers offer'd up to the Almighty, for conducting you and yours, through the difficult Mazes of this Life, to enjoy at laſt in Heaven a State of Immortality and Eternal reſt.

Yours, &c.

Mill Town the 8th of April, 1709.

J. S.

FINIS.